I am writing this more for my own comfort than for anything- I do not want to feel the loneliness I do. Though it is ironic that I feel this loneliness when surrounded by people. People may not be an accurate description of these creatures, however. (Describe why). It is creatures such as these that have driven me from my former life as a vagabond and into this abandoned shack which is now my sanctuary. They cannot enter, it appears, though I have not ascertained the reason. They indubitably know that I am inside, though. If I survive the night, I should be safe for the next day, This infernal noise they emanate will have subsided and they will have fled- They work in the darkness when we are most susceptible. Curse this mindless noise. It is all around this shack. If they enter, I am not sure what I would do. I immediately closed the latch on the door and fled upstairs and could not look around below, mostly owing to my lack of any source of light. It is a miracle I stumbled across this sanctuary. Upon stumbling up the stairs, I entered this room at the top of the steps. I fumbled around and found this functioning lantern which gives me this hope and simultaneously perhaps will be my downfall because the creatures know exactly where I am. Perhaps I could use this lamp against them if they manage to enter, but I do not believe they fear light in the way some may assume. I pray that I live to tomorrow- I may then have a chance. I am not sure what I will do first if I survive until tomorrow- I am not sure of anything. I am only writing this to comfort myself in this situation, not as a record of my activities but as a record of my emotions. Although I should think of the possible future. For now, I pray that they do not enter.

I managed to survive last night and now am writing on the following night. Last night, as dawn approached, the crawling gradually receded and I decided it would be appropriate (That is not the word I wanted-) to sleep and regain my energy. What was I thinking? I am now here awake at night when I could have utilized that time while the sun was shining to strengthen my defenses. Upon awakening, I decided that I would survey the damage that the babies caused. I nervously stepped outside and immediately noticed how normal everything seemed. The babies made no attempt at enterring- What were they doing crawling outside if not attempting to enter? They clearly knew I was inside.

He hears crawling outside of house, explains situation.

Goes to town to enlist personnel against the babies.

Orders Saiga-12 online.

Goes to daycare to check on status of babies, teacher reports him (One of the babies is missing)

Returns from jail.

Finds the missing baby in his basement, cold and hungry. He offers to help him out of pity.

The baby comes around and tells him about how he defected from the daycare. He promises to help.

The baby helps him to infiltrate a small cache of poorly-guarded baby stuff in the woods.

Goes down to firearms shop and picks up Saiga-12, the baby is furious. ~"Babies must be hoplophobes in general. It makes sense, doesn't it?"

The baby does not say much. Firearms practice.

The baby is missing in the morning! Possible taken prisoner. He is nervous.

The crawling gets louder outside. He shoots outside of the window a few times in an attempt to frighten them away.

He is barricaded in the basement. ~"That goddamn mothersucking (Enter baby name)!" He comes to the conclusion that the baby had betrayed him. The crawling was completely surrounding the house during the morning, and by afernoon, the babies had broken in the door and were crawling all over the place. He engaged in a shoot-out with the babies and eventaully had fled to the basement where he is now writing. He laments about not buying more magazines. He says that the journal will be safe ~"'Cause babies can't read.", and says that he hopes that, since -he- couldn't effectively warn the general populace, someone will figure out what has been going on before it is too late.

Playtime
Storytime
Snack Time
Coloring Time
Arts and Crafts
Learning Time
Nap Time
Clean up time
Parent Pickup
Hamilton time?
Recess